woodwind

WOODWIND

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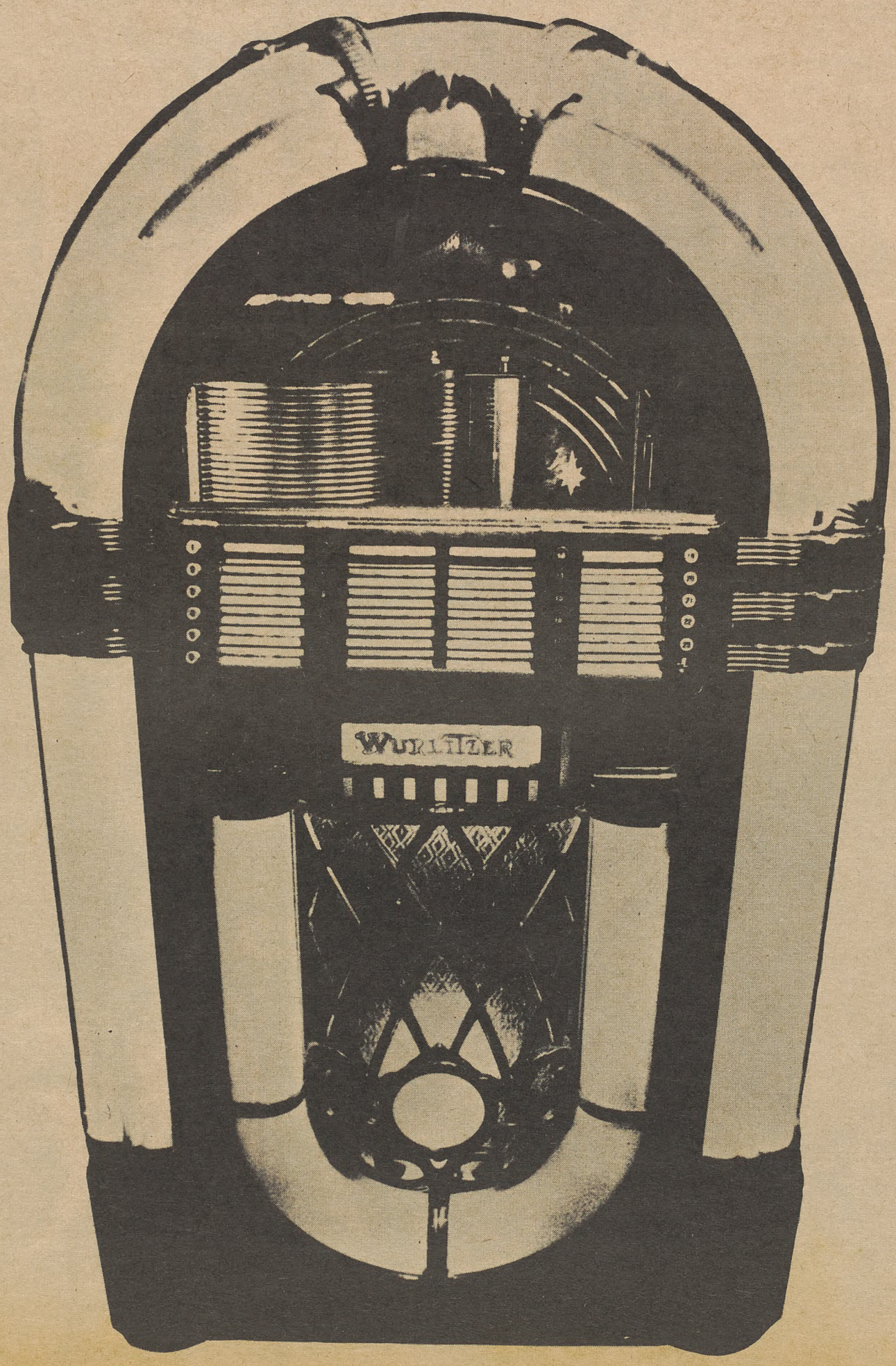

WOODWIND an Arts Paper

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Dear Editor,

In recent weeks certain people have attacked Blimpies on the grounds that it discriminates against Blacks, gay people, and street people. They have tried to organize a boycott and they have harrassed and intimidated people entering the store, and on Saturday night they broke the front windows.

The incident that supposedly sparked these claims was a fight that broke out between a Blimpie employee and a member of Gay Liberation which was broken up without real injury to either party. The person involved has used this incident to support his and his associates claims that Blimpies beats, harasses and otherwise discriminates against certain people.

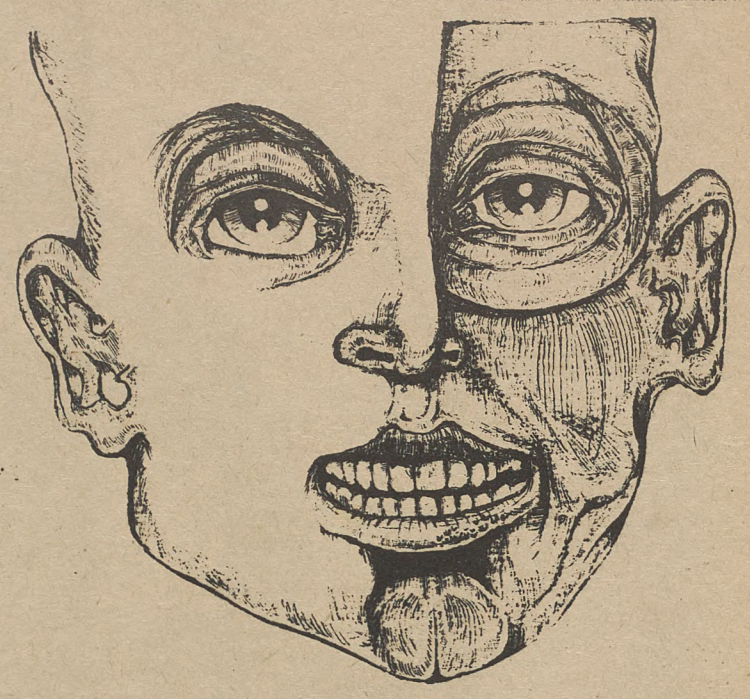
As workers and management of Blimpies we would like to make our position known. During the course of the summer, we have asked everyone to cooperate with us in keeping the front of the store clear. This was asked of everyone without any discrimination whatsoever. Wehave made a point of being courteous and we can hardly be considered unfair since it only involved moving a few feet. No principle or high theoretical significance should be attached. It is necessary to keep the entrance cleared simply because our lease does not allow us to stay open late night hours. The landlord will overlook the lease only as long as we keep the front cleared; which is a small price to pay considering that we are one of the few places that stay open until 4:00 A. M.

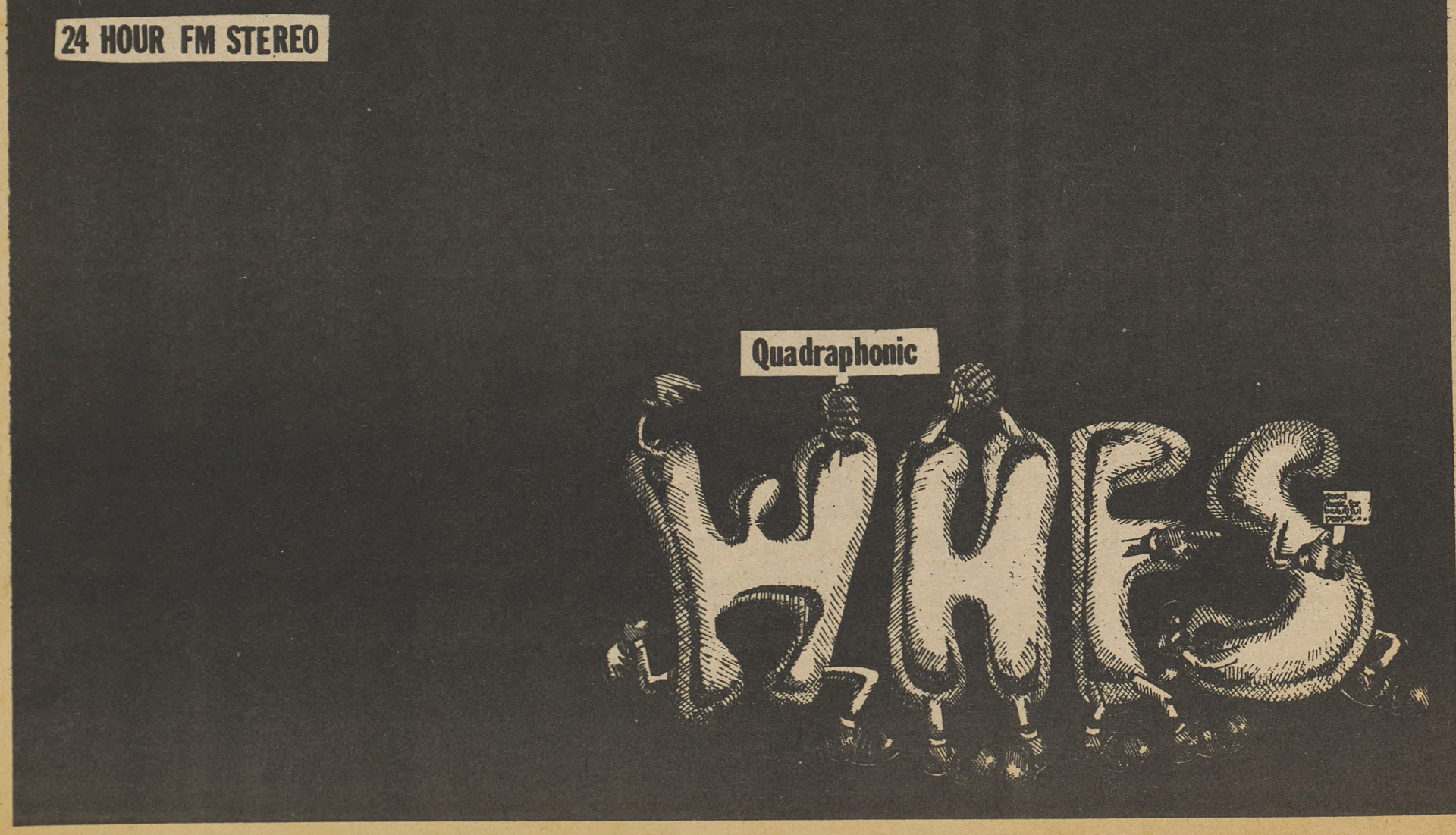
On that single occasion when there was a fight, it was not a battle of ideology, but rather a personal dispute between two individuals. It must be resolved between the person themselves.

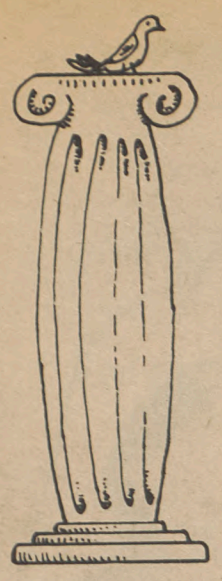
We are a young restaurant, staffed and operated by young people. We have a low margin of profit and depend upon high volume to pay our bills. If someone dislikes the food, the service or the atmosphere, we respect their right to stop patronizing the store. However, the people who choose to go shouldn't have to be hassled by a crowd of people and bombarded with petty arguments on why they shouldn't enter.

Anytime anyone wants to discuss any problems, the management of Blimpies and the employees are open to do so.

Thank you







Poetry

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence;"

George Gordon, Lord Byron

Your thing apart, George my love,
was once my hole existence.

°°°

There is an ebb in the affairs of women
where no man is an island
and
your bang, George, brings forth
more than a whimper.

amadeus

Moved to the ball - bearings
by the Indian's beauty
across from me on the tube.

Eyes round brown marbles
nose straight articulated
mouth curved Roman
short cleft chin.

His hands strong and slender
oval nails as if never clipped
on sculptured fingers.

South Kensington, Victoria and Albert Museum
to hear the man
loved by God in Austria 1756-91.

sunbeams reflected

Sunbeams reflected in the hearth
pale-white against the golden flame
one father easily affording
to be outshone
by heir.

Reflection will fade with the day
while fire banked and fed by me
lives in the night.

We make our cave and fancy
reflection brighter than blinding source.

broken branches

Three plum-tree branches
plucked by the March wind.
We drank the last of the red wine
and set the branches in the big jug.
A coarse brown web
climbed the white wall
and reached into the room.

It will not leaf
buds dry
shiny bark shrivels
rot and reek.

Bottle-weaned the branches waste.

dying days

Some days are dying days.
The wasting grows to pain.
I see a black man hack at filthy frozen snow
in icy drizzle.
"He that sees but does not bear witness, be accursed."
The Book of Jubilees (4.5)

I want your bed wrapt love.
Let me me stamped by you and cancelled
collected as an item, or as trash.

Death's sting these dying days
is like a flea's bite;
it asks for recognition
and an act.

shirley

Shirley's early days
were swept clean
to be kept
for that
which never came.

Shirley's later days
were stuffed
with a taxidermy of
house and garden
room and board
savings and insurance
Ladies and Gentlemen
shipping and mailing
travel and adventure
pets and supplies
suits and coats
goods and notions
drugs and sundries
wines and liquors
meats and fish
grill and bar
town and country
crime and detective
radio and television
cleaning and dying.

shells

Walking the beach
after the storm
intent, eyes focussed on the flotsam
strewn by last night's surf
in patterns mimicking the waves
I search for shells
the whole and broken --
the whole for perfection
the broken for exposure
of curve and spiral surge --
telling of inner worlds
whose secret becomes known
only in death.

The sun burns on my naked back
eyes seek the cottages of the familiar village
I rush into the cooling water.
There -- a perfect whelk barely seen --
I snatch it from the waves
to find it heavy with the living thing.
Holding my empty treasures
I toss the live one back to its world
and return to mine.

poor loreley

Combing her long hair
sitting on the sunlit rock
above the stream
Loreley, Siren of the Rhine
joined her love-sick reflections:
"She's an invention of men
who find the snares
in woman's love
and see their fall."

He shared her rock
his love-sated body
back to hers,
waited her readiness.
"Let's leave this island
isolate, unreal, unbound.
I did not see you comb your hair."
He rose, and led the way.

Poor Loreley - did all your fishermen
who perished on the hidden rocks
desert you lone and crying?
Or did you smile
and comb your glistening hair?

GABRIELLE EDGCOMB

fighting spontaneity at its level

Grey, red-hot fragmentation into single planed
360° spreads for a ballistic moment.
At its level, mowing spreads red
and my father, undershirted, peasant
of the suburb making an ingrown spiral of cropped
green, mowing
there it is, the switch, what idiom, colored
by everything going, the nuclear greyness of my
fifties and green of my womb, blown away, at its level,
yields to blank time, flowing in words and thoughts
from its pen,
an amoeba with no wish envelops
his necessary space, and judgement, suspended
in solution like infusoria, the invention out of
naturally molded weeds and cosmic rays in those compounds
finds record only through leaden plates to spark,
but, yet registered even so sparks...
Whitman defies it; his electron ring energy
at its level must be greater than our technology.
He records a full spectrum in basic color; green
central blades, like a mower, do not trim or
certainly shape...I have lived with a
perceptibility, more than likely one, at most
a half more,
But war denudes our bodies of
critical circumspections, the words are decayed;
putrefaction's red is death and fertilization.

Evening has come full on us;
trajectories fulfill themselves,
rotation, the turning of bodies, gives force
to pure equations, the sensing of gravity,
push and pull to only relation, the weight
of astral needs, glow and counter;
But the light fails, and who is afraid of
the body of things unknown: the body,
mind you, senses and identities or formulae -
so where does some abstract, one plus one,
equal itself or more, and simultaneous, nomore;
evening, the darkening drains strength
from itself's growth to outer black,
speckled only by some union of imagination.
Leap with the only real strength available, you.

One day, when I stepped outside,
I smelled something, I tasted it,
felt it, almost saw it. I re-entered.

Then the next day, when I went outside,
behind me I stood, quite crowded around
by my fashionings and soliloquies.

So the third day, when I rose again,
I determined not to be so true;
outside, the late bloomers joined me.

All the following day, sitting at my stoop,
I drank beer and smoked, and waved to
shadows and was overjoyed once or twice.

My senses on the fifth day, saddled
and bridled me and rode me to the market
to buy coffee and milk and yeast and thyme.

Knowing so many more things, the day after,
I huddled on my cushions and feared
the final outcome.

Yesterday, in the grand total of this making,
I never came back, stooped to bury some dead,
and didn't even write a poem or two.

At the workbench, a family tree of tools,
the paraphernalia of thoroughness;
he, my father, taught me slowly, year
by year, attached them to me.
As he grew into electrical ease,
the braces and blades, tacks, chisels
hung like relics, sacrosanct, meant for
keeping. Yet he, my father, took order,
arranged, rarely began for fear of no end.

poems in ritual protest 1&4

1

The town-crier is gone,
put to bed at night,
tucked away, no more streets;
he went away with the
lamp-lighter, as the child-magic
fireflies seem to dim with the years,
to flee the chill and drab.

The paths are empty now,
no old men to cry
"all's well" and the time;
to light lamps.

How good it was, how good
to have old men wander
in the dark unsuspected,
unknown but for their bells
and tapers.

Now we must do our own crying
in our own paths;
and the old men...
we must cry for them and the time.

4

Does my sense cool? For
in the park are old men,
grey overcoats, unmatched belts
severally wound for too much length;
like grey wet-fall sodden ghosts
shuffling in wider begging spirals:
natural movement, strategy and
center of gravity's inertial pull...

But does my sense, my feeling grow quick?
to move on, avoiding eyes; purposeful, I am
insult per se, to these blubber-soft old skins
with just a semblance of plea left...

I am afraid of my taste in old men now.
For these do not gently dodder, but carry the
tension of their citied lives, like
time bombs, ticking mechanically to pre-set ends,
to immense implosions of everything scarce.

centripetals ii,iii,vi,vii

the line I'm

ii if our
lives are
sort of right now:
like
writing

°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°

I caressed her

iii with her eyes with
ugly girl
made me love
suspicion of madness

°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°

stamen honey flower

vi centripetal funnel
shooting
round
collecting

°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°

live between

vii actor
the lines
and die

PAUL JONES

AVRUTISISM

A MEANS TO FIND A HUMAN PERSON
by Avrutis

Dear Person:

Please consider this letter a means to find another person. Many people are scared to be honest and gentle for fear of the repercussions that will not necessarily take place. Many are afraid to show their strength and their softness.

That is why I write this letter. Show it to someone and consider it your introduction into the other's soul. If both of you like what this letter says, please consider yourselves friends and equals and procede from there, even if you have never seen each other before in your lives. There are many people who have many things to say to many other people, but these things never get said because no one asks another that they be said.

But I ask that you honestly relate. Tell each other about your lives. Be free in your talking and be free in your actions. Love does not always work. But we should try. The alternative is to have a lonely soul. Relating to another does not guarantee to make us less lonely, but perhaps two can find their way out of the darkness better than one. As two as two asone you will find meaning.

Life is composed of the smooth texture of people who are soft. People are here to arouse each other, and combine with each other, to become parts of each other within each other, for each other in each other.

So release that which is inside of you. Show to another. Love another. Hold each other and be afraid. But let the fear come to rest when you find that you are good, that you are in love, that you are love. Do not hide, do not hold back; free yourself and free another. As you hold the key to the freedom of your soul you also hold the key to the freedom of another's soul.

And disagreements will exist because no two people are the same. In fact, no one person is exactly the same from one moment to the next. Love if there is love and enjoy it. Hate if there is hate, and resolve the conflict. Work your feelings through. And your relationship will exist on a different level. Learn the changing vocabulary of each other's soul. One way to communicate is by writing as well as by saying your thoughts and feelings to each other. Express that which knaws to get out of you. Let it out, let it out. You will survive the experience.

I do not know what this letter will start. I hope it will be a good catalyst. Mix this letter in with your soul, and with another's soul, and see what happens. I hope the realities you will share will soon supercede the words on this paper. Teach yourselves from your own experience.

And when you have no words, stand and look at each other's eyes for as long as you possibly can. Silent language says much.

Remember: Because we have loved once, love is possible. And if love is possible we may love again.

MY CAST OF CHARACTERS

I was wondering why feelings exist and why they appear when they do. I called my Logical Spirit forth to discuss these questions with.

Logical Spirit knocked on the door, and I let him in. Seating himself in mid-air, we held our conversation.

"Spirit," I began, "you appear in the strangest places at the weirdest times. I never ask you to be there, yet you are. Why?"

"Because," my Logical Spirit replied, "I am that of you which has no calling except the calling I give myself. I am inside of you and am a part of you. But when I act, I act for myself, using you as my tool."

"Am I your slave," I asked him.

"No. You are not my slave anymore than I am yours. We mutually co-exist to provide each other with insight and perhaps the right course of action to take in a dilemma. I, and your conscious (and sometimes rational) mind interact to create your life and your art."

"But you are inside me. Then you are a part of me," I said.

"Yes," my Logical Spirit replied, "I am a part of you, but please understand. Unlike that of you which is free to consciously roam and select, your conscious, you call it, I exist within you and you have no conscious control over me. Although you could deny me and my expression if you chose, you have not. You let me breathe within you, and for this I am thankful to you, your conscious being."

"I realize that my conscious being lets you exist - but my conscious being needs courage to let you exist. Are you also courage?'

"No. I am the idea man. The courage? I do not know ---"

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, one of the loudest knocks I had ever heard in my life. I was about to say "come in" when the door burst open and there stood a muscular six-foot-six giant, bare to the waist, with a weather -beaten skin and a look of determination and spirit in his eyes and face.

"I am that of you which is your courage," he boomed. "I supply the drive for your expeditions, Raymond. I have seen much and been through even more. I know the depths of hell and the heights of heaven. When you speak, often you say the words I give you, my having guided you." Then courage stared off into space and into himself, preparing for the next journey.

Logical Spirit spoke to Courage: "Are you also the energy that propels us all? Does your courage-force supply you with your energy?"

Courage was thinking and did not have time to answer when a smaller giant, about six-feet-two came in, and spoke with a voice about two notes higher than Courage's. "Hello, everybody, I am energy, brother of Courage, counsellor of Logical Spirit, and guide for Raymond's rational mind. I am a part of all of you for I supply all of you and have to know your needs which are great. And because your needs are great you have built me into an energy of reputable size."

Dear Amy:

Because I have not heard from you I sense you are still involved in trying to make your relationship with your boyfriend work, or are involved in trying to survive without your boyfriend. I write to you because I care for you, because I want you to know that you have a companion.

I realize that when times are hard we both draw in upon ourselves and nourish our souls on unfulfilled dreams, bitter internal and external tears, sour love, and other dead and decaying matter. For what else is there, now, for the immediate present...

I realize that I can't get inside your soul and help you just as you can't get inside my soul and help me. Time seems to be the only thing which stops the hurt. Time and companionship. Then we will love again.

I do believe in you, very much. I have said to you, more than once, that I wish I was older. But if I can't be your someone then I wish you success with a someone. You deserve it.

I don't have a remedy for hurt or else I would give it to you, and would give it to myself. But I give you the support of a comrade in battle.

I will stop now. Nourish your soul on hope.

Love,
Raymond

There was another presence in the room. A voice spoke: "Logical Spirit, I am your brother. You are a spirit, but a potentially conscious one. I am the Essence of Spirit and am invisible to all." Courage was more pensive than ever, and Energy was supplying his force to all of us. Logical Spirit and I were talking when Essence said: "Wait, Raymond: Do not talk, feel. You will never know me rationally. Accept my existence as a part of you."

"So you are that which has me feel," I said.

"Yes," replied Essence.

"Well", I continued," I am honored to have all of you with me. This meeting has been good. I will see you all again soon, and I hope we can all understand ourselves more."

Then, one after the other, they put themselves inside me as the Genie put himself inside Aladdin's lamp.

(Continued for 25 pages.)

★★Raymond Avrutis received his B.A. in Sociology from American University where he also wrote for the university's paper, The Eagle. He is presently working for an M.A. at New York University and awaiting approval on his thesis, 'Getting Screwed', an expansion of a term paper concerning the suppression of women. In 1965, he graduated from the now extinct Walden School in Washington. Raymond has a collection of 35 thousand baseball cards.

At the Movies

MOVIES REVIEWED BY THE WASHINGTON REVIEWING SOCIETY - FILM DIVISION

As movie reviewers we're going to try to do things a little differently. We're going to be people-oriented as opposed to being movie oriented. The conditions you see a movie under and how you're treated can be just as important as the movie itself. We're also going to try and keep you posted on movies that will be coming in the future that are particularly good. If you know of anything that's coming up that has to do with film, let us know so we can tell others.

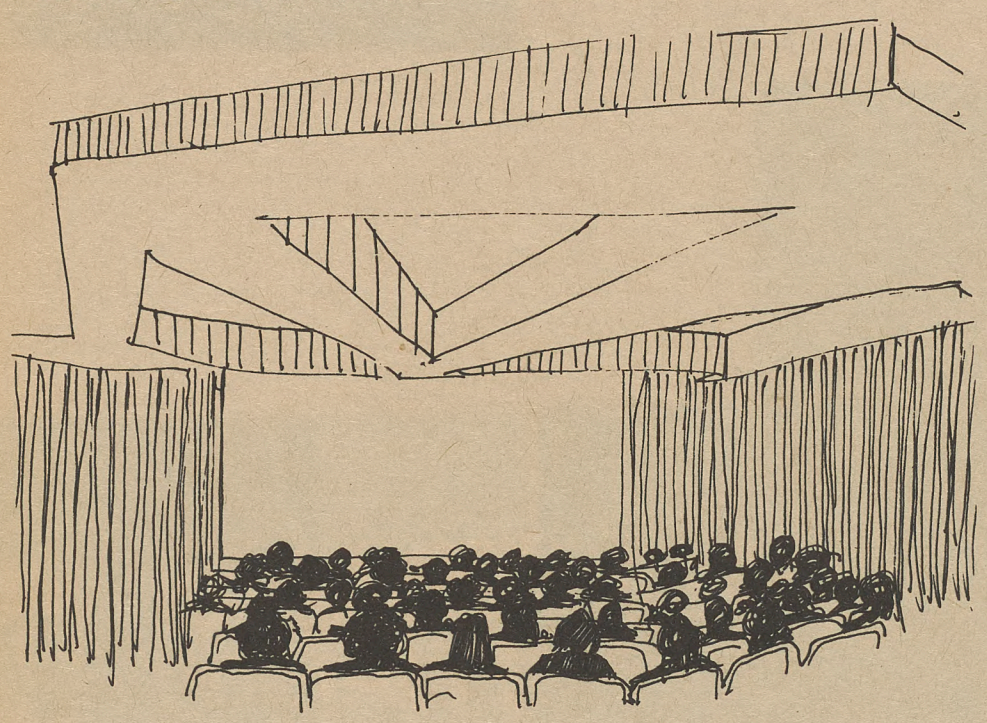
Each time we review a movie we're going to review the theatre it's playing at. We're not doing this to get back at anybody or make anybody mad, but to try to help theatres become better places to see films. This weekend we saw HOA-BINH at the Cerberus II. First of all, the Cerberus has to be congratulated for lowering it's prices. At $1.05 before 7:00 on weekdays and $1.49 before 7:00 on weekends almost anyone can afford to go to the movies. The Cerberusalso has a good record in programing. Since they opened they have shown high quality films fairly consistently. Their physical plant is, unfortunately, another story. What has happened here is what almost invariably happens when people build several theatres into one area that was never designed to be a theatre. Too many seats are put into too small a space. At the Cerberus the screen is way too close to the seats and much too high. The seats are banked improperly so you have to scrunch down in your seat to keep your neck from hurting which is okay until someone sits in front of you. Then you're in trouble, especially if you're trying to read subtitles. Also, don't sit on the sides. The screen, again, is so close that there is a tremendous amount of distortion. Go early so you can sit in the middle. Unfortunately, these are problems that the Cerberus can do nothing about at this point. All the double and triple theatres in town suffer from the same problems so we just have to bear with it.

The staff at the Cerberus always seems to be quite pleasant. The candy bars are reasonably priced with a Three Musketeers ringing in at $.10, and a large box of Dots at $.25. On being questioned about the relatively high price of the Dots the counterman assured us that the standard price at other theatres in town is $.50 for the same size box. The popcorn was $.30 for a regular oldtime popcorn box, crammed to the top with rather dry, but fresh, popcorn. No pretenses, just good movie popcorn. The movie started right on time and the print quality was very good. So even though the general design of the theatre itself is lousy the Cerberus itself is a good place to see movies.

In HOA-BINH Raoul Coutard has given us a film that exists comepletely on so many different levels that it's difficult to keep them all together. The film is so beautifully photographed that it's possible to watch it as a series of related images existing only on a visual plane without reference to any plot or story line. Because it's Coutard's first film on his own we are at last able to assess his relationship to all of Godard's films for which he was cinematographer. Much that has been most beautiful about Godard now seems to be attributable to Coutard and his fantastic visual sense. His lighting, color, and composition are nearly faultless. His camera moves in beautiful patterns, but unobtrusively, over the people and country of Viet Nam, placing them against a backdrop of machines, primarily the machines of war. The film opens with a sequence of insect-like helicoptors that impart all the terror the Hellstrom Chronicle strained for, but missed. From the dancing ballet formations of the assault helicoptors, menacing, in their slick, darting flight, to the trundling Chinook workhorses carrying their loads of guns and grasshopper-like husks of dead helicoptors, he infuses us with a dread of these machines that must surely be the ultimate reality of the war for the Vietnamese. Throughout the entire film the machines hover on the edges, always present, never letting us forget their horror. In contrast to the machines, Coutard gives us a Vietnamese family as beautiful as the helicoptors are ugly. The main characters, Hung, aged 10, and his little sister, Xuan, are almost too beautiful to be believed.

The story, simply, is a period in the lives of these two children who are left alone to survive by themselves in the streets of Saigon. The father has left the family to join the Viet Cong, and the mother dies early in the film, leaving children with an uncaring aunt who already has too many children and troubles of her own. Hung and Xuan leave the aunt and go to Saigon to look for their mother and father. The story itself, then, exists on several levels. As fiction it is pure melodrama. The children wander the streets enacting the standard story; never getting dirty or becoming one blemish less beautiful for all that they are hungry and kicked about. But on the second level, as reality, the story transcends its melodrama to become simply the story of thousands of Vietnamese children to whom this sort of life is the only one they've ever known. Coutard is showing us, as we have been shown a thousand times before, that in an adult war, neither side is right or wrong, but both are merely stupid. And that in this war, as in all wars, it is not the combatants who get shat on, but always the children. Coutard manages to bring all these levels together in the film. He set himself a difficult task for his first film, but he pulls it off. The result is a fine film that should be seen by everyone. If we could show this film on prime-time T.V., we could do more to stop the war than the combined actions of fifteen George McGoverns and forty-three Eugene McCarthys. Go see it.

NOTICE: The Biograph is showing a definite must on the 17th, 18th and 19th of this month. A spectacular triple feature of "Targets", "Cul-de-Sac" and "Pretty Poison". "Targets" is an extremely flawed film about a Vietnam Vet who comes home and goes boinkers shooting his mom, dad, and wife plus scores of other folks. Mildly interesting subplots concerning Boris Karloff playing himself and various love interest stuff. The general acting is pretty bad, and the direction poor, but the closing scenes of our veteran sitting inside the screen at a drive-in movie and shooting folks in their cars is enough to scare the piss out of you. "Cul-de-Sac" is merely Roman Polanski's best movie and one of the finest movies ever made. It doesn't come around too often, so if you care anything at all about movies and you miss it, you're an idiot. "Pretty Poison" I haven't seen, but it's the only movie I ever heard Pauline Kael say she liked, so it's got to be at least interesting in some way. All in all, it's a hell of a triple bill.



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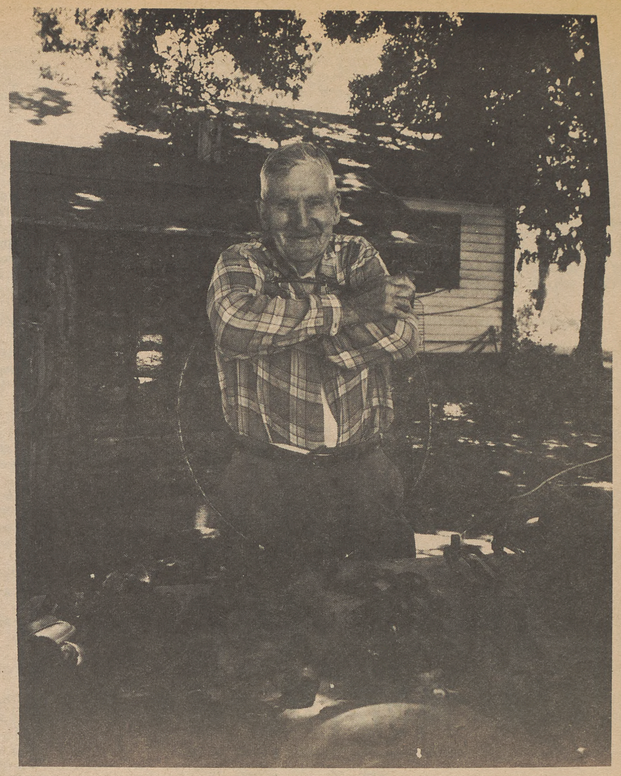

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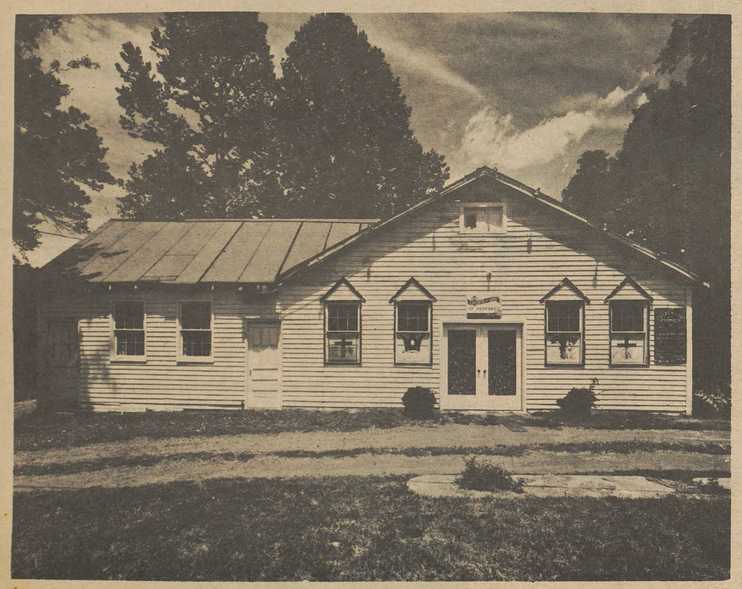

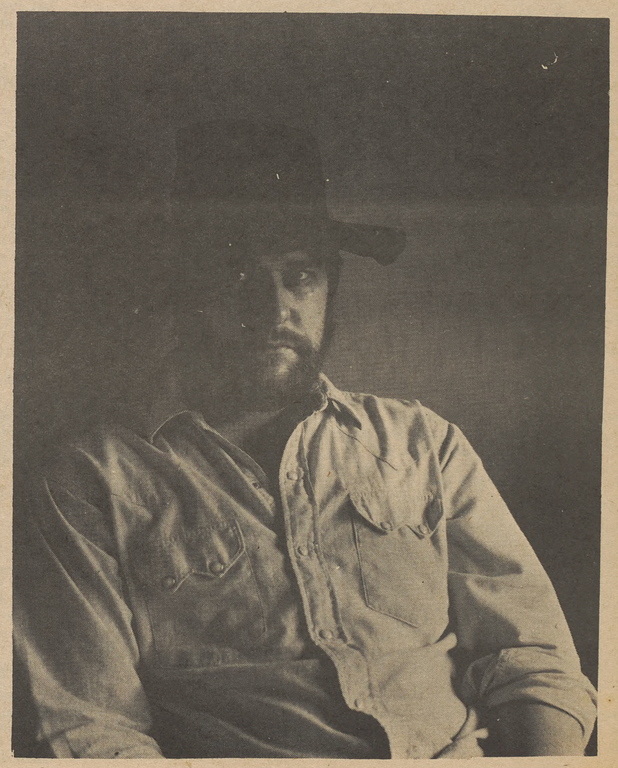

Jack Williams(JW), Gary Johnson(GJ) and Margot Chapman are appearing at Clydes, in Georgetown, every Thursday and Sunday night. Williams writes the kinds of songs every performer is looking for(and everyone else wants to go around humming);Johnson the kind of guitar licks no one will be able to get away with stealing, and Margot Chapman is amazing. She has a big, wide range that keeps drifting back to you on your way home. She's been with Jack and Gary only a short while, so Woodwind has decided to do a separate interview with her in a forthcoming issue. They're all fine singers, and the material is incredible. John Denver has recorded several of William's songs, but they sing them best. They also do beautiful things with Dylan's songs. They came by for the interview the day after Connie and Smokey had their baby in Jack's big house out on MacArthur Blvd. The night before, they told us, the room was filled with people helping Connie out, sending good vibes to the birthing bed; so this interview is for Connie's new baby, Joshua.

YOU'VE GOT FINGERS, YOU'VE GOT A MOUTH, DO IT.

by ANDREA WYATT

WW: How did you get involved in music?

JW: Well, I started on a show...my mother was an amateur musician. She played hawaiian guitar, and sang, was in some incredible band. She was born in Ireland, and you know a lot of the immigrants have a stronger tradition than regular Americans. Like it's just understood in a Black culture that you can boogie. If you can't, well, you're different. It's the same thing with the Irish. But I think she just had an inclination towards it. I never asked her. She taught me how to sing. Well, when I was really young, just a little over a year, I started reading record labels. One of my family's parlor tricks was to put out a bunch of records, all the same label color, and they'd ask me to pick out, say, a Paul Whiteman record. And I could do it. I don't remember why, exactly, but I remember doing it. And then I started singing when I was about two.

WW: Singing what?

JW: [begins to sing a capella] The night was mighty dark, and you could hardly see, and the moon refused to shine. Lovers nestled underneath the willow tree, for love they pined. Little maid was a kind of fraid of darkness, though she said I guess I'll go. Boy began to sigh, looked up in the sky, and told the moon a little tale of woe...Oh shine on, shine on harvest moon...[general laughter and groans] You know, stuff like that.

GJ: I used to play with trains.

JW: Yes, well it was an abnormal childhood, in some ways. My Dad has always been in banking. He's a Taurus. Worked for the gov't. My mother's a Virgo. They're both very solid. I have one younger sister, really a good chick. She was straight and I was the enfant terrible of the family, not only my family, but my extended family. I have a big Irish family. I know a lot of people who are artistically inclined, who are really crazy. I think a lot of it has to do with the fact that they didn't have a steady childhood. I think I was given one. It's a necessary trip. Anyway, I got on the showboat when I was three, on a show called 'Uncle Bud's Amateur Hour' which was one of the first television shows in this area. I still have a record that ABC cut of me when I was three and a half. An album of things like "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."[more laughter]I started guitar when I was nine. Took lessons from Charlie Byrd for a while. He's a terrible teacher, but it's a good credit.

GJ: I guess I was the freak in my family. I could never be counted on; never staying still, always leaving home, always moving...

JW: I went to St. John's, the military high school. And Georgetown university. I started out as an accounting major. My father suggested it. And then I didn't have any real preferences. I was young. I've always been really young for my age. Then the first semester I did well in everything but accounting. I hated it. Such a drag.

GJ: The guitar saved me from a long penitentiary term.

JW: It saved me from not having any creative release at all. One of the first songs I wrote that really gave me that release-I hadn't slept in about three nights. It was about 4:30 in the morning, and I thought I was going crazy because I had never not slept. And I sat down and wrote this song. It's really a crazy song, and I don't sing it anymore, but it was a piece of art to the extent that it had release in it.

WW: What kind of musical image do you have of yourselves?

JW: Life music. People ask Gary, that's what he says. Kind of thinking man's goodtime music. With like possible higher connotations. I don't know. The type of thing that...

GJ: It's not folk.

JW: Yeah, not folk. You know, if you don't have a bass and drums, people say you're a folk act.

GJ: I never played folk music in my whole life, except for one Kingston Trio song. And where are they? No, I played with the Telstars. We played the Bajou for three years. Along with Julie Gibson[for those who don't remember, she was resident stripper].

JW: Realistically speaking, we all have our own strengths. Gary plays really good guitar, and Margot sings really good, and I write. But we all switch around. We're going to try and get into piano and guitar. We should all play, I think. There's no reason not to.

GJ: You got fingers, you got a mouth, do it.

JW: That's kind of the division of labor. But we're looking for a really nice vocal sound, and just very tasty instrumental feel behind it. To get the proper form for what we're trying to say is really important. There's no one that's really doing it now. I think John Phillips is a little too shallow for what's happening nowadays. He's still one of my favorite writers, but he's still doing the same turn of phrase stuff. Play on words. It's no longer necessary. Carole King and James Taylor, Dylan and all those people, they've happened. People are ready. You have to be right on. And you can say some pretty neat things.

GJ: Feeling,too. Not necessarily only what you're saying, but the way you're putting it across. That's real life. It's really happening. Like, you don't go to see a movie just because somebody made it up in their head. It's real, too.

WW: What was your association with Fat City?

JW: I started it a long time ago, the original concept of the group. I wanted to put together a supergroup. I had groups in high school, but I never thought of them as supergroups. The Premiers.Stuff like that. But I wanted to put together something with five-part harmony. That was the original idea. And I heard about this guy who wrote, who played good guitar-Bill Danoff. I was living upstairs, over on 35th Street, and Bill was living downstairs, going to Georgetown at the time. I was really an old cynical, craggy cat in those days. Somebody told me there was a really good cat living downstairs, played good guitar, and I just said, nobody's good. That's not true, nowadays, but back then, the people who were making hits were a very elite group. Like Paul Anka, for whatever his faults are really does have a perspective on music, like how to put together a musical form. And there were very few people like that.I mean, he's not hip, but he really knows music. But not to really saying something.

GJ: Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly?

JW: Right. A few people who were natural geniuses that really didn't even have a perspective on what they were doing. Maybe Buddy Holly did, and Chuck was a real good writer, but he hasn't been able to change with the times. And the Beatles certainly did. They were the first group who progressed as fast as people could keep up with them. So anyway, I went down and Bill was good, he played good guitar. And I projected the idea to him of a supergroup, and he dug it. So we went through a bunch of different chicks and we finally whittled it down to Margot and Taffy. Bruce Adams knew Taffy, heard her yelling to a jukebox, said she was dynamite, and brought her over.

GJ: It was a fluke that we met. I came into town from Miami, and Smokey came over to see me and said, ah, there's some more room over there, want to move in? And I said, sure. I went over. There were a lot of guitars. And I didn't have a guitar. I just sat down and started playing.

JW: There were a lot of personal involvements in Fat City throughout the whole thing. Margot was just falling in love, and couldn't put her full mind to music. We all had a lot to learn. Taffy had never done anything publicly. The song "Rare Wine" says it["I knew them when the girl asked the boy how to sing. He took her for better, and worked through the night, and now they shine in each other's light..."]. But at the time we were all really primi-

tive. And played mostly in our basements. We were trying mainly to be a recording group, in our more naive days. But anyway, to be more direct about the whole thing, I was the leader of the group, and I was going through a lot of personal changes myself. I still go through the same type of changes. They were even coarser back then. I was willfull, and as short with people as I was with myself. And so I really wasn't a very good leader. And I'm sure I put Margot through a lot of changes, and I put Taffy through a lot, I know, and Bill, I guess, too, except Bill's so solid, it's hard to think of him going through any changes. And so eventually I started doing a lot of dope, and Margot started hanging around with Jimmy a whole bunch, and things just kind of stopped happening. Bill and Taffy were still singing together. I started going to school, and living off Grant money from FCC. I still was writing cause I was pretty stoned all the time, and I kept hearing music so I wrote it down. And Bill was still writing. I got an offer from a friend of mine in California, who was a producer for Columbia records at the time to come out, and he'd give me five grand, an album and two singles. So I said groovy, and I'd just met Janis at the time. So we split for California. I went out there, bounced around for about two years. The offer didn't have much substance to it. So, the Fat City trip was we kept calling each other a lot, Bill and I, and Taffy, and talking. They'd finally broken up their group at the end of the summer. They'd had a five-piece band. And they said why don't you come back and we'll do something. I said, far out. I was beginning to do pretty well out there. I'd been playing in a club, and I could've added people. I was working with a chick in Malibu. But anyway, I came back, and we started working together, and they'd just written 'Country Roads' with Denver a week before I'd gotten back. They were like at a different point than I was; they were pretty much at harvest time. They were ready to work towards the goal of making an album, and I wasn't. I didn't want to record for quite a while. I knew that what we were doing as a threesome wouldn't be ready for quite a while. So anyway, they harvested, and I'm still growing in effect-we're still growing together.

JW: The night before Fat City and I decided not to do it anymore, I had a dream about form. You know what two or three is in Plato or occult literature? When you're two, you constantly have to balance one another; but when you're three it's like being one again. A bigger thing, a number of completion. Three rolls of its own momentum. And both of them work, obviously. They were pretty much into the perfect form of two, and the completion of that form, rather than a threesome. So anyway, we parted.

WW: How did you grow up, Gary? What kind of family background did you have?

GJ: I was born in Portland, Maine. My father was a seaman. He used to go to Portland a lot. That's where he met my mother. And Norfolk was a place he used to go into a lot, too. So we moved to Norfolk, and lived out on a farm. It was about two miles from the beach. I was running by myself. What really got me turned on to music was the New York Symphony Orchestra. It was on at 6:30, and I used to listen to it on the radio. The only other thing was the Hit Parade, like 'Four-Leaf Clover' and all that stuff, which were decent songs. All the time, going to school, I'd be walking up the road, you know, singing. I joined the school band and played clarinet. I didn't really dig it. Had to play notes. I used to go home and close the door and throw the paper away, and just play. Then my brother got a guitar for Christmas, in 1957. He never played it. The top three strings would always be broken, but when Duane Eddie came out, all you needed were the low strings, anyway. I figured out how to tune it, somehow, by pressing the fifth fret. Then I went to Maine, and met a really good guitar player. This guy had a chord book, so I learned chords. I knew one chord when 'Tragedy' came out-Cmajor7th. I just happened to put my hand on it. I got out of school, and started working in a hotel, playing with a group from high school. We played around little places-the american legion club, stuff like that. They used to tell us how terrible we were, and we'd say, alright, we'll be better. We got pretty good. And then we went to California. One guy wanted to stay out and get married. Then I came back East. I walked into a really dumpy place in Norfolk, a sailor hangout and beer place. This guy said, you want a job? The Telstars were a couple of guys who drank about forty dollars of beer a week. The stage was full of Budweiser cans and everything. I thought, sure, I'll go and play with you awhile for ninety dollars a week. Somehow or another, the bass player left, and this other bass player came in from a real good group in Norfolk. We started getting inspired, and said, why not make something out of this group? So we worked on it. We played around the Norfolk clubs for about three years, and went to Ocean City where things really started to happen. Came to D. C. Did the Bayou for three years. I freaked out. Haven't played in the last two years hardly at all. We played Top Forty stuff, and there's not too much you can do with it, just a little bit, change the arrangement around, but still, it's the original thing. Copying other people's licks. I just can't see doing that anymore. So I came here and met Jack.

WW: What were you doing the two years you didn't play?

GJ: Getting stoned in D. C. Well, I tried playing with groups, but they were still doing the same old bag. Top Forty, no matter what it was. Led Zeppelin. Still copying everyone elses material. Trying to play like Jeff Beck or Hendrix.

WW: What's your ideal of what possibly could happen with this group? OK, another way; take it like the tarot question: your hopes, dreams and fears?

GJ: Well, the only fear I have is each day I can get up and still play. Sometimes I wonder, could it happen, the nerves get screwed up, crossed, and I couldn't play anymore. As far as where we'll go- I'll play for one person or for everyone. You just keep projecting. Keep finding what you can do with it. What I want to do with the guitar is my main interest. And vocally, I've sort of let that happen somewhere else. But you find you have a voice and can use it. It's the same as a musical instrument. One night, in 1961, right before I started playing with the band, I laid in bed and heard this big sound, had violins, had all kinds of music with a good feel to it. Not necessarily had to be hard like men, or soft like women, but was a combination of just, well, people music. It's getting better all the time. We're getting used to each other. Far as what we're doing-we could add more people. But we've got to record and make some money, so we can afford

JW: Or be in a position where we're playing gigs for more bread. I think we can work up to that.

GJ: If it weren't for music, I could do a farm thing. It's something I can do myself. If I sleep, stay in bed, then it doesn't get done. I can't call in to work and say, I'm not coming in. I have to be there. Use my own mind, direct my own energy, instead of someone else directing it for me. With the guitar, and with farming, you do it with your own hands. You do it or you don't. Going around nine to five-that's somebody else's invention before I was born. The world can go all type of ways. If you could play for free all the time, and be taken care of, because that's all money is for, and you play because if you didn't you'd just go crazy, then you're pay would be making music.

JW: It's a need inside you.

GJ: Music isn't a thing that has any limitations. Just to be able to hit a note is an artistic thing. Doesn't have to be categorized, and there shouldn't be any sense of competition. I think people are getting into that now. Music is an individual thing. Instead of saying, well, it's number one on the hit parade, it must be good, it's good because it's my own choice. That's why music is getting less commercial. It used to be, a song made number one, and you knew damn well there was going to be about fifteen songs recorded exactly like it. Can't do that now.

WW: Who are the guitar players you listen to?

GJ: There's so many. I couldn't say one was better. I like Jessie Davis. He just kind of uses everything he can; fills and little things like that are really nice. Good sounds. I like Stills and Young, and Seatrain.

WW: What do you think of Roy Buchanan?

GJ: I think he's paranoid as hell. I don't think he's got his mind and head together. He's really talented, really good. He came over my house one time and we sat down and played some. Just break my head. When he left I sat and played for three or four more hours just off his energy, and the kind of stuff he was doing. You can do that when someone that good comes around, and he leaves, and it's hanging in there. I played my ass off. He's like a country boy, out of the woods. He learned how to play guitar when he was sixteen, and he said he hadn't learned anything new since. He does a thing 'Summertime' his fingers are weird. Plays backwards chords. He's got as much control as Jack naturally has with his voice. Like when he's playing, he's talking. There's so many things you've never heard a guitar do. Evidently his spirit's been around a long time playing guitar.

WW: Have you started getting record offers? What are you doing about that?

JW: Just saying come back in six months.

GJ: If it weren't for music, I could do a farm thing. It's something I can do myself. If I sleep, stay in bed, then it doesn't get done.

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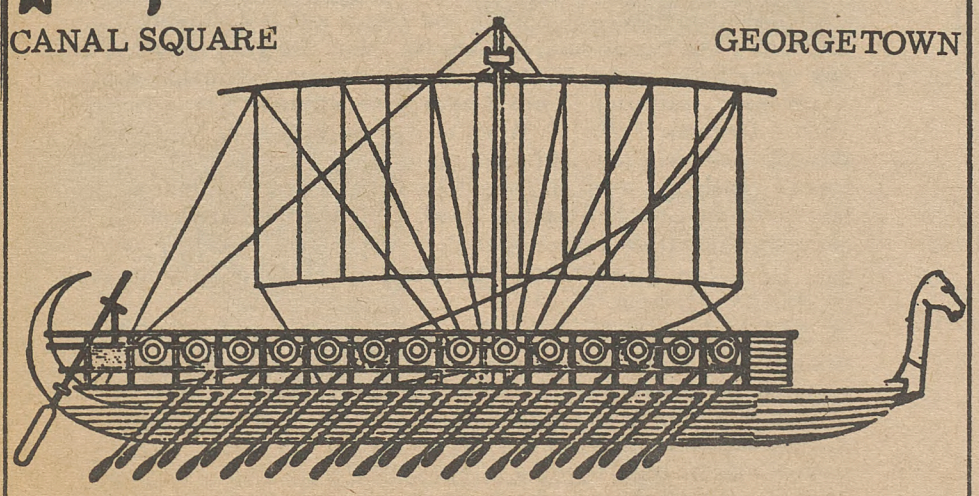
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bruce rosenstein

ACE OF SUNLIGHT - Bronco - (Island SMAS 9309)- This is Bronco's second album, and they are moving away from the country approach of the first, Country Home, to more original, intense, tight rock. The thing that stands out most to me is how much this band sounds like The Youngbloods. I don't know if they're conscious of the similarity or not, but not only do they sound like The Youngbloods, but they sound better than the Youngbloods, at least better than they've sounded in the past three years. Lead singer Jess Roden, formerly of the amazingly obscure Alan Bown, a group which has been the well-kept secret of four different record companies, sounds uncannily like a British Jesse Colin Young. I think it's quite nice, because Jesse's group hasn't sounded too good for too long of a time, and it's rewarding to hear someone exploring the soft-rock field succesfully. The album is not all soft, there is a good measure of hard rock thrown in, especially on "Woman". The outstanding cut on the album is a thing called "New Day Avenue", over six minutes long, with not a second wasted. I won't say it's worth the price of the album by itself, but i's a damn good song. The album package is attractive, if a bit cliched, with the obligatory phallic cover and the obligatory photos of freaks-romping-in-the-woods-by-the-stream on the inside cover. Ace Of Sunlight, is one of the most original rock albums to come out of England in a while, and Youngbloods freaks would do well to pick up on it immediately.

WACKERING HEIGHTS - The Wackers - (Elektra EKS 74098) - The Wackers at one time were known (more like unknown, actually) as Roxy and they did an LP for Elektra a couple of years ago. Since then they've changed their name, tightened up their sound and put out a most enjoyable rock and roll album. Basically it's a soft rock sound, either acoustic or toned down electric. The best thing about this album is the quality of the songs and the strong vocals and harmonies, two factors which have posed grave problems for countless rock bands. The Wackers are highly eclectic, at times sounding like Poco, CSNY, Bread, and other purveyors of soft-rock, but the finished product never sounds like they're copying someone else. There is only one original, Elvis Presley's "Don't Be Cruel", and it's done well, but nothing spectacular or particularly memorable. It's also the hardest rocker. There is some top notch original material like the easy flowing "Travellin' Time", "Such A Good Thing" and " On the Way Up". "Body Go Round" is a pretty song with an especially appealing chorus, but the Graham Nash-like lyrics get tiresome. during the second listening to the point where I can't imagine wanting to sit through those words whenever the needle reaches that cut. I think they'd do well to tack that great chorus on a more deserving song. It may have it's little faults, but this album is one of the better things to come along in a while. If you are feeling a little adventurous about getting new albums why not try Wackering Heights.

STREET CORNER TALKING-Savoy Brown- Parrot (PAS 71047) Savoy Browm has been around for a long time, but they've never really gotten the recognition they deserve. They've always been able to play blues with authority, and on their last couple of albums showed they could rock quite capably. Unfortunately, they've had so many personnel changes that whenever they seemed to be getting into some good things somebody would leave and they would have to start all over again. The only member who has stayed all the way through is guitarist Kim Simmonds, one of the better British guitarists. Since their last LP, Looking In, Savoy has undergone a major shakeup. Every one else left, and for a while Simmonds tried using Blodwyn Pig's rhythm section of Andy Pyle and Ron Berg, and a singer named Pete Scott. The new Savoy Brown went to America with the Faces-Grease Band Tour and then broke up. Now Simmonds had gathered together vocalist Dave Walker, and three forme members of Chicken Shack, keyboard player Paul Raymond, drummer Dave Bidwell, and bassist Andy Silvester. These people, especially Raymond, never sounded nearly so good when they were in Chicken Shack. The whole album has a tight, but relaxed feel. There are some really outstanding songs, especially the raunchy title cut, and the crisp "Tell Mama". Rayomnd shines on the extended "All I Can Do", which shows Savoy getting into jazz. Theres also an old rock type thing, "Let It Rock", which is fun but nothing too great. If you like raw, unpretensious British blues, you should be familiar with not only this album, but all of their others.

GRATEFUL DEAD - (Warner Brothers - WS 1935) - After giving us four LP's within a year, the Dead have waited nine and a half months before releasing this double LP package. It's a live set, but completely different from Live Dead which was probably the greatest live album ever recorded. I love The Dead , but as beautiful as this album is, it's still somewhat of a disappointment. The problem here, I believe, lies in the choice of material. Some of the songs, no matter how well they do them, just don't belong here. For instance, I have a feeling that I'm going to tire of "Big Boss Man" and "Johnny B. Goode" very fast. They do "Me and Bobby McGee" reasonably well, but not outstanding. One side is taken up by " The Other One", and it's no "Dark Star". After a short intro, we have an extended, ordinary drum solo by Bill Kreutzman, and the rest is a jam built around parts of Side one of Anthem of the Sun . I don't think this performance rates an entire side of the record, the longest side in fact, 18 minutes. As we slowly move to the positive factors, and there are many, I'm elated that "Not Fade Away" was included, but the version here sounds uninspired, like it was recorded on a bad night. That song is begging for Pigpen's harp; why doesn't he use it? Anyway, there is a nice transition into the traditional "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad", which works quite smoothly. Also on the bluesy side is Noah Lewis' "Big Railroad Blues". I haven't seen them lately, but The Dead seem to be moving away from country music. There is only one country song here, a beautiful version of the Merle Haggard standard, "Mama Tried". Bob Weir sings lead on John Phillips' "Me and My Uncle", and he seems to be featured more prominently in the band.

What not only saves the album, but also shows that The Dead are still writing great songs, are the album's three new originals. "Wharf Rat", eight and a half minutes long, is incredibly beautiful with Jerry Garcia's voice and guitar not of this earth. Then there is "Playing In The Band", which has the Dead trademark all over it. "Bertha" is five and a half minutes of shuffling rock, not exactly a classic, but better than any mortal could come up with. What will redeem the Dead, if indeed they need to be redeemed at all, would be a studio album in the near future. I don't know if one is planned, but I think it would be a great idea. Nevertheless, get this album, especially if you aren't too familiar with The Dead. They may not be at their strongest, but it's still better than just about anything else around.

GET A WHIFF A THIS - Juicy Lucy (Atco SD 33-367) - This British hard rock band has labored in obscurity in America since their first album was released a year and a half ago. They've been fairly successful in England, but for some reason hardly anyone in this country has heard of them, let alone listened to their albums. (This is their third). Juicy Lucy has changed a lot since their first album, and it's not all been for the better. Back on the first album they had a maniacally evil sounding lead singer named Ray Owen who had left by the time of their second LP, Lie Back And Enjoy It, to be replaced by the current lead singer, Paul Williams. As far as I'm concerned, Owen and the band did the definitive version of Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love"; Owen's voice made Diddley sound tame. Along with the departure of Owen, the fine lead guitarist of the first LP, Glenn Ross Campbell, is now just playing steel guitar. Ex-Fat Mattress bassist Jim Leverton has been added, and Mick Moody is playing lead guitar, while Chris Mercer remains on sax. They still sound like they're trying to piece things back together. Side one works better, as it's comprised of hard rock like "Mr. Skin" and "Midnight Sun" and a competent but unambitious version of The Allman Brothers "Midnight Rider". Side two is slower and quieter, and the material doesn't come off as well. Basically this is an album of well done, mainstream British rock. However, if you're really interested, see if you can pick up a copy of their first album, if only for "Who Do You Love". (It was released as a single, but you'll never find that.) Also, in the tradition of the first album, the album cover is excellent, something that's bound to catch your eye in the record racks. Whether you'll get off on the record itself is another matter.

JAMES AND THE GOOD BROTHERS-Columbia-(C 30889)-James is James Ackroyd and the Good Brothers are Bruce and Brian Good. They are part of the Greatful Dead family, and they make beautiful country music. They are Canadian musicians, and this LP wasrecorded partly in San Francisco and partly in Toronto. The sound is primarily acoustic country, with some excellent steel work, rich harmonies, and lyrics which avoid the triteness which is the downfall of so many country songs. All three have their turn at singing lead, with Bruce's voice particularly suited to country, on two of the songs he wrote and also sang lead, "Poppa Took The Bottle From The Shelf", and "Can't Help Yourself". The longest song here, Brian's "Serving Time", may also be the best. There is some support from Bill Kreutzman, Bob Weir and Phil Lesh from the Dead, and Jack Casady. It's not clear if they actually played on the LP, as only Kreutzman is credited with drums on "Poppa Took The Bottle From The Shelf". Two non-originals end each side of the album, Steve Winwood's "Can't Find My Way Home" which is given a very intresting country treatment. Nillson's "Rainmaker" is done well, but it seems that everybody is doing that song. I think this album is even better than the New Riders LP, and that's saying alot. Another member of the Dead family, The Rowan Brothers, have an album on the way, but definately check out James and The Good Brothers.

BARK - Jefferson Airplane - (Grunt FTR1001) - The departure of Marty Balin was kind of sad. I'm not sure I like the idea of Paul Kantner running the band. In any case, Starships aside, this is the first real Airplane album in two years. There are some mighty good songs, and some not so good ones. It's good 1971 Airplane, but it'll never stand up to 1966 or 1967 Airplane. The backbone of this album is Jorma Kaukonen. He's written three songs here, and they are the best on the album. There's the fantastic "Fell So Good", sung by Jorma, "Wild Turkey", a great instrumental, and "Third Week in Chelsea", sounding a bit like the two best songs from each Hot Tuna album, "New Song For the Morning", and "Been So Long". Kantner has three of his fist-in-the-air songs, and two of them are quite good, "When the Earth Moves Again" and "Rock and Roll Island", although I don't particularly care for "War Movie". Grace Slick has contributed a couple of fine songs, "Crazy Miranda" and "Law Man", although I could have done without "Never Argue With A German If You're Tired or European Song". Actually, the only real mistake on the album is Joey Covington's "Thunk". I can't really get used to Papa John Creach in the Airplane, but everyone else is sounding good. Bark is definitely no Surrealistic Pillow, it's not even a Jefferson Airplane Takes Off, but it is a reasonably good album and it's nice to know that they're still around.

20 GRANITE CREEK - Moby Grape - (Reprise RS6460) - The news that Moby Grape had reformed this summer with the original personnel intact brought joy to my heart. They had always been one of my favorite groups, creators of two of the very best albums in rock, Moby Grape '69. But, sadly enough, as so often happens with relationships that are given another chance, things just don't work out like they used to. The spirit and drive of their earlier songs is missing, those great harmonies got lost somewhere, and the addition of violinist Gordon Stevens has added nothing to the sound. To be sure, there is some choice material on this album, most

con't. on next page

notably two Bob Mosley tunes, "Road To The Sun", and the bouncy "Ode To The Man At The End Of The Bar". He's still one of the greatest singers in rock. Unfortunately, his "Gypsy Wedding" is a dud. There are some other good things, especially two Jerry Miller songs, the country rocking "Roundhouse Blues" and "I'm The Kind Of Man That Baby You Can Trust", very reminiscent of the third album. But when things get bad, folks, they get really bad, as in Skip Spence's 5:42 failure with a koto, "Chinese Song", or the dirg-like "Horse Out In The Rain", or the disjointed "Wild Oats Moan". There is nothing new with this album, the best material is that which recalls the past, and I'm sure that's not what The Grape wants. Let's hope the second try is better, that is if they get one.

ROCK LOVE - Steve Miller Band - Capitol (SW748) - Is this what Miller's made us wait over a year for? The incredibly bland cover gives an idea of what you;re in store for with this album. Each one of Steve's previous albums had its own special beauty; few bands could have created masterpieces like Children of the Future or Your Saving Grace. His band could play blues the equal of any other white band, his hard rock on Sailor and Brave New World was one of the first order, and the countru on Number 5 was excellent. But where is Miller the innovator? He's hard to find in the grooves of this new album. Side one is live, but the band sounds dead. By the way, Steve's fine drummer Tim Davis has split, as has bassist Bobby Winkelman. The new rhythm section of Jack King and Ross Vallory doesn't compare to them, at least to this point. The first side starts with an anemic ditty called "The Gangster is Back", and then goes into "Blues Without Blame", and although its done well, what's the point of putting a blues cut on Miller's album at this stage of his advancment? Then comes an 11 minute rock song "Love Shock", which with it's drum and bass solos is more boring than anything else. Side two fares better, but still dissapoints there are four songs, two of which are quite good, the short title cut, and the nine minute jazzy "Deliverance". "Let Me Serve You" and "Harbor Lights" are plagued by meaningless lyrics, something I'd never thought would happen to Miller. ROCK LOVE is an empty confusing album. I hope Miller solves whatever problems he's having and returns to make the beautiful music he's so capable of.

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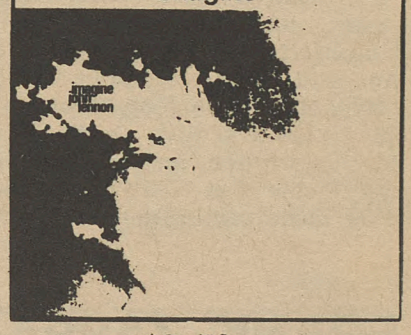

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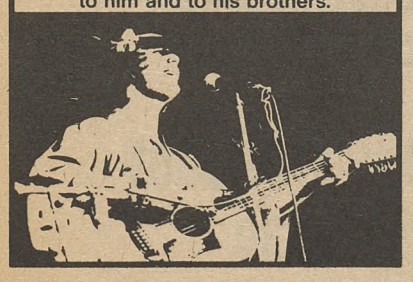

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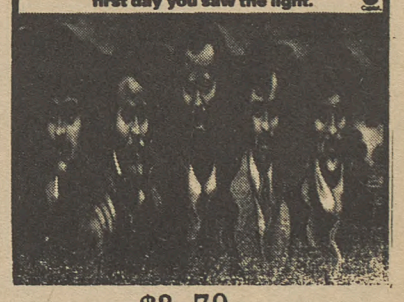

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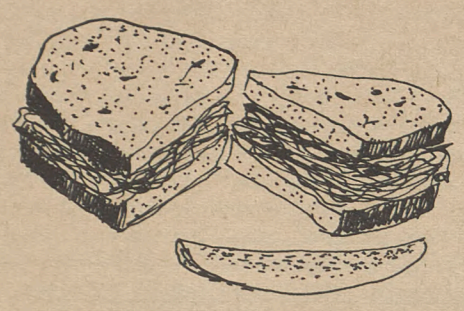
MORE GOOD FOOD
From the Washington Reviewing Society: Foods Division

What Washington has long needed, it now has. The Purple Pickle Delicatessen which opened here last week is the answer. It is Washington's first real "downtown deli".

The Pickle(as it will be lovingly known)cannot be compared to anything else in this city; as it is a first and only. It must stand on it's own merits(which it can easily do) and draw it's comparison only to those perhaps overly-friendly delicatessens of New York City.

The food is good. As the owners say, "we could pay $.40 a pound less for the food, but it isn't as good. And it's not like a suit that you don't have to wear; this is food that you are putting in your stomach". It's that simple. The Pickle what could be described as a "cosmopolitan-kosher" menu. The standard deli sandwiches: Hot Pastrami, Corned Beef, chopped liver, and a great Hot Dog rapt in balogna with sauerkraut are full and delicious and $1.15. They also serve combination and smoked fish platters, which range up to $2.00. The salads and bakery items(cheese danish, fruit pastries, cheesecake, and breads) are fresh and go well with the food served. All foods can be purchased in bulk, and there is a small, but growing, grocery section featuring favorite deli items.



The longtime dream of the owners has finally come true. Since emmigrating from Holland twenty years ago, they have been running a bra shop at the same location. "It(the restaurant)is something we've always wanted to do". They first thought of moving to the suburbs, but decided to open the restaurant here in "their beautiful city". With only Mr. Sherman, his wife Ann, friend Benny Knoop, and a few employees, they are making it work with the help of thousands of new and satisfied customers. With crowds lined up for lunchtime sandwiches, the atmosphere remains unhurried and pleasant. As Sherman said, "It doesn't matter what is going on downstairs or in the kitchen, when you're out here you gotta be nice to people". And they are! Mr.Sherman and Benny run the kitchens and make the sandwiches, and Ann is the cashier who rings up your bill with a smile.

The Pickle is opened from 9a.m. to 7p.m. Monday thru Saturday, and from 10a.m. to 3p.m. on Sunday. Perhaps with popularity and more help, the hours will be later. But as Ann said, "I have to do the laundry and wash my hair".

The ambience is good. There is seating for around 70 people on the first floor and the balcony, where you can stay as long as you like, and drink coffee and eat pastries. The Purple Pickle is at 1732 Connecticut Avenue, and is the only stop for those wanting good delicatessen food and atmosphere

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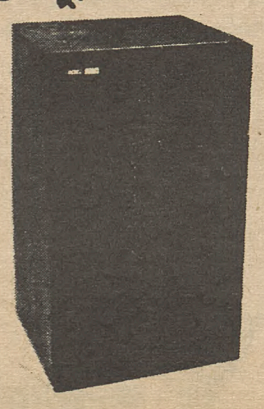

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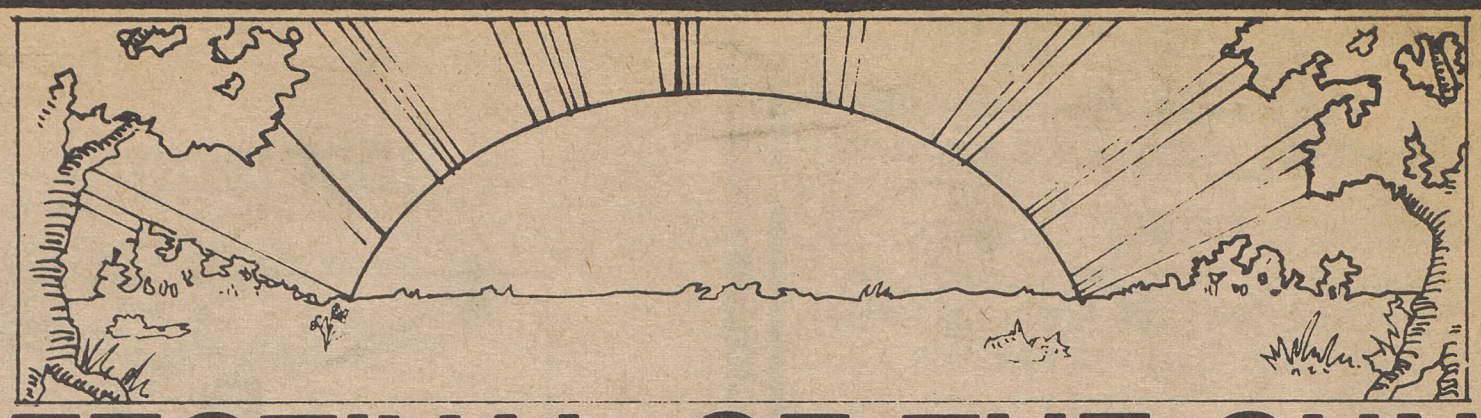

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